Amorphis, Tuonela

"Sorrow is my bread
And tears I drink as wine
Oblivion my happiness
Ground under teeth of time
For cold be the stone
When frost devoured the land
Consolation is no gift
Of winter's icy hand
Upon a crust of snow
I'll lay my broken frame
What steel and iron won't take
I'll give in winter's name
No good a sullen soul no use a simple knave
No groom for brides of plaited hair
This man old and lame
If only I could breathe
To see the sun of may
but still longer are the nights than days
As I wither away
Came the man of crown
With sound of war drums beat
Said no sword arm's strong enough
Without my two good feet
But not overlooked am I
In eyes of the maid I'll wed
I'll reap the crops of Tuonela
My bride's wealth in death

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